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Select Poetry.

A PRETTY LYRIC.

We'll part no more, Oh, never!
Let gladness deck thy brow,
Our hearts are joined forever
By each religious vow.
Misfortune's clouds have vanished,
That caused our bosoms pain,
And every care is banished,
No more to come again.

Hope's star is brightly burning
Within its brilliant dome,
And tells of joy returning
To cheer our rural home.
It shines through gloom to gladden,
Dispelling grief and care,
For sorrow ne'er can sadden
While it remaineth there.

'Mid flowery vales we'll wander,
And by the laughing stream,
Our bosoms growing fonder
'Neath love's enchanting beam.
In yonder cot reposing
In plenty, side by side,
Each morn fresh joys disclosing,
Through life we'll gently glide.

Miscellaneous.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

[For the New York Observer.]

The level beams of a December sun were shining unchecked through the richly draperied windows, illuminating with a summer glow the walls and massive furniture of a room in one of the principal avenues of our great metropolis. Located in a fashionable neighborhood, the mansion rose among its aspiring neighbors, a palace in its adornment and spaciousness. There were many among the passers by; many among the visitors at that dwelling, who envied its possessors the happiness which they supposed them to enjoy amid all these luxuries of art and fashion.

But friendship, love and happiness are treasures that gold have never yet been able to purchase, and the rejected price oft returns into the hands of the offerer with a weight that makes him deem it but lead; dull and worthless in comparison with that he craves to possess. So in this splendid abode there was no home, no happiness; in that gorgeous chamber dwelt a solitary and homeless heart.

Reclining upon a couch, pale and weary-looking, lay a beautiful woman, scarcely past the period of youth. Her nurse stood beside her remonstrating against the unusual light which she feared would injure the eyes weakened by fever and debility, but her mistress replied impatiently:

"O do let me have something cheerful in my own room. I am sick to death of all this gloom and loneliness, and I want the sun for company. When sister Mary comes, you may close the blinds and throw down the curtains, if you will; she will be sunshine enough. Till then I will have it so."

"Well, then, Mrs. Wharton," was the reply, "I think I may do so at once, for there is a traveling carriage at the door, which I am almost sure is Mr. Borland's, and Thomas is taking off a trunk: your sister must be in the house. I will go and bring her up, if you wish."

This was needless, for Mrs. Borland was already in the room, and as the nurse darkened the windows, the sisters exchanged their almost mute embraces.

"I thought you would never come, Mary," said the invalid, as they were left alone together after Mrs. Borland had laid aside her travelling dress; "I have longed so to see you; I shall get well now, I am sure, with your cheerful face beside me."

"I came to you, dear," was the reply, "as soon as I thought it right to leave Mabel; she has been ill."

"Yes, I know, poor child; but she is better now, and you can stay with me."

"For a while. She has gone with Emily and George to Savannah. They sailed yesterday; they will stay at our cousin Churchill's there, while their father goes into the interior on business. But, Caroline, I did not expect to find you confined to your room yet. Your husband told George last week that the doctor said you might go down stairs, and that he expected you to be at the dinner table that day."

"I dare say; Mr. Wharton has no pity for invalids—he is always well enough himself, and thinks no one ought to be sick. I did not care to make the exertion to please him; George is never so exacting with you."

"Edward did not speak of it in that way; he seemed to feel genuine pleasure in your recovery. He certainly was very anxious about you when you were so ill."

"He took good care to conceal it from me, then."

"O, Caroline, why will you always think in this way? You know it would not have been wise in him to betray it to you in the condition in which you were."

"Yes; but Mary, you know, it is not that. He never shows me any tenderness."

"But, Carrie, dear, do you ever encourage him to do so?"

"Psha, you are always casting the blame of these family *desagremens* upon me. I think, Mary, you might pity and comfort me now, when I need it so much."

"I do from my heart, my dear sister; and you know I would do all in my power to make you happy, to see you well and cheerful as in the old times long ago."

"The dear old times, I was happy then; oh why did I ever leave them behind me? I know that it is in your thoughts, though you will not say it; that I am but reaping the fruits of my own doings; that I married in spite of my mother's wishes, and of your persuasions, one who thought little and cared less about the religion I had been taught to reverence, and which I thought once that I possessed. But yet, after all, I cannot see that it was such a terrible sin, I do not see why I should be thus afflicted."

"And yet the world envies you. May it not be, dear, to call you back to the Master you have left, and to make you like Him in his forgiving gentleness, in his patience under trial?"

"That I shall never learn. How can I be patient and gentle? Here this morning Mr. Wharton comes to my room before I have had my breakfast; tells me he had delayed going down town an hour later than usual to speak to me; that he thinks it would do me good to have the children with me a little to day; that he thinks Lucille unfaithful; and suggests that to-morrow I ride out with you to make some purchases for them. To be sure, I know that their winter wardrobe ought to be attended to, but the idea of having those three children even a half hour in the room with me sets me wild; the reality would nearly kill me."

"I think not; good-humored noise, your own children's too, would hardly produce so alarming results. Indeed, I think that Edward is right; you need something to stir you from this lethargy. I am sure he means it kindly for you, as well as for the children. They ought not to be left too much with Lucille. You know I am no friend to French nurses, but I dislike and distrust this one as much as your husband does."

"But he has such a disagreeable way of saying these things: my spirit always rebels. Lucille was highly recommended and always seemed to behave well enough, and I don't see why I am to give her up to humor the dislike of my husband merely: not that I care so much for her either, but I will not be dictated to in this cold way."

"Because it it is too hard upon your pride. O Carrie, when will you lay this proud spirit down at the foot of the cross? You have not learned that there is a spirit of greatness, in the nobleness in the virtues of patience and submission; the highest, truest greatness, because in the exercise of these we are more like our Divine Exemplar. Is it less ennobling to perform all the duties of your lot with cheerful patience than to lie here and fret against them, leaving all undone? A life of self-will is but a life of sin, and therefore must be a life of misery. You admire a patient, gentle spirit in others; you admire one who exhibits great powers of endurance, who triumphs over the petty, but constantly recurring obstacles in her way, bringing out of the deep, cool well of her heart, sweetness to life for herself and others; disarming unkindness by her patient love, her gentle forbearance."

"This is a fancy picture, Mary; I cannot make it real."

"Have you then not discovered whose fair image was in my mind? Was it not like our mother."

"Yes, indeed, like her; dear blessed mother. But my trials are so different.—Her's were open to the eyes of the world; she was called upon to endure. But me; every one thinks that I must be perfectly happy, and yet I know none more wretched than myself. You cannot judge, your life has been so happy; your husband well nigh worships you; he always gives you your own way. To be sure, you never take it as I would, but it only proves as I said, that you cannot understand my trials, having had so much happiness."

"And yet, Carrie dear, there was a time once, when you said, that rather than submit to my daily annoyances, you would run away and leave husband and children."

"O! I remember; that was when George's mother and sisters lived with you. But the old lady almost adored you before she died, and the sisters ditto, for they seemed to take you for a pattern in their own families."

"And should I thus have won their love if I had returned anger for their suspicion, recrimination for their fault finding? It is hard to be patient when the blood is stirred; but surely it is better, than by strife to keep up unholy feelings that gentleness might conquer. The influence which people are least able to resist is a gentle, forbearing temper. I am satisfied that we win more victories in life by what we forbear to do, than by what we do."

"Still I say that I think you would find yourself at a loss what to do in my position. Such trials as mine are harder to bear."

"But the same rules may fit, dear."

"How?"

"May I speak very plainly?"

"Say all that is in your heart."

"Well, then, begin by looking your troubles in the face; set them in array, count them, and estimate your capabilities for overcoming them."

"But I *cannot* endure."

"Then overcome."

"That is impossible."

"Let us see. You have a husband whom you have once loved devotedly;—"

"Thought."

"Well, thought you loved; the same reality or delusion, as you will, existed in his mind toward you. Ten years' experience has shown you both, many incompatibilities of temper which you have never dreamed of. You are both proud, both unyielding. He thinks it is your duty to conform to his views: you will not submit to be controlled. He is wrapped up in his children, and wishes you to devote yourself to them; it may be, a little more exacting than is necessary; you out of opposition take no care of them, simply because he wishes it, and steel your heart against their innocent love. You shut yourself up with your useless repinings, eating your own heart out with vain wishes for change, neglecting your duties to your husband, every day widening the chasm between you; ignoring the claims of your children, leaving to the influence and teachings of an ignorant, perhaps wicked foreigner, the minds and hearts committed to you to form not only for this life, but for another; forgetting that the years thus lost are never to be regained. You are flattered and sought after when you go into society, spoken of everywhere as the 'brilliant' Mrs. Wharton, while you carry with you constantly a heavy, burdened heart."

"How do you know?"

"I know that it cannot be otherwise.—Our dear mother too carefully educated your conscience to suffer it to be silent when her child neglects her duty. I wonder not that you are wretched. O! my sister, lay aside this foolish pride, this unwillingness to own yourself in fault, follow the dictates of your conscience, follow what I know must be the pleadings of your heart, if you will but allow it to speak; seek reconciliation with your husband at any cost, and be a true wife and mother once more."

"'Once more,'—I never have been."

"Begin then these new duties; you will soon find then delightful. Return whence you have wandered; seek patience, forbearance, strength, and wisdom, where in your childhood you were taught to seek for every blessing. The shadow of the cross—not a shadow of darkness, but as a ray of glory, shall rest on every cross that you are compelled to take up, and will brighten every care. Be faithful to your duty, and it may be given you to win your husband to walk with you in the heavenly way, as well as on your life path."

"It sounds well and pleasant; you have stirred within me feelings and wishes, Mary, that I thought were dead and buried. But I cannot, I know not how to begin."

"Begin by acknowledging to your husband that you were wrong. I am sure he will meet you half way."

"I wish I could do so, but it is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible to an earnest and true heart, Carrie. You know where to find strength. I will seek it there for you—you must seek it also for yourself."

* * * * * * *

"What a dear, pretty Mamma you are now," said little Charlie Wharton; "I like you a great deal better than Lucille; I am so glad she is gone."

"And so am I," said his sister Carrie, "now we have such nice times here in your pretty room, Mamma. O! dear, it was so miserable up there in the nursery. Lucille was so cross she used to strike us, and she beat Charlie one day, because he told her she ought to be ashamed to slap little baby Mary when she cried; and that he believed she gave her poison out of the bottle."

"Well, I believe she did, Mamma; I used to see her giving some black stuff to baby Mary, that made her sleep ever so hard; and Lucille used to go away after she put us to bed, and she used to tell us that if we made any noise while she was gone, or told any one that she was away, she would be sure to kill us or sell us away to the Jews, and they would carry us away in their old clothes bags."

"And its all so nice now, Mamma. Papa don't look grave and sad as he used to; and you never send Charlie and me away to play any more. O! it's so nice to play here, I do love you so."

"I just say your the nicest and prettiest Mamma that a fellow ever had. Lucille used to say you were cross, but you aint now one bit. When Aunt Mary was here, Lucille said she was a mean spy, and she hated her. But I think Aunt Mary's real nice, we've had glorious times ever since she came. I love her a sight too."

"You may well love aunt Mary, Charlie dear," said his mother fondly stroking the golden curly head that lay upon her lap, "she is the best friend that you and your mother ever had."

"And I, too, acknowledged Aunt Mary by the same title," said Mr. Wharton, who entered during Charlie's last speech; "always love her my boy, she has laid us all under a great debt of love and gratitude; such as we now owe to no one but our God."

Then turning to his wife he said, "I have good news for you Carrie. George was in at my office to day. He brought back the girls from Savannah, Mabel as well as ever; and your sister sends a pressing invitation for us to come out to Fern Dale for a week. It will do you good, so you had better let Nannette pack up for you to-morrow morning, and go about noon."

"And will you go, dear Edward?"

"To be sure I will, I do not mean to rid you of my presence very soon, you will have to keep me now for better or for worse."

"Always for better, now, dear husband, thank God." L.

LIFE AND DEATH.—Life and death; what awful words; yet how lightly they drop from the lips. We utter them as if we had not constantly before us the solemn warning, 'that in the midst of life we are in death.' We wander along the highways of our mortal existence, either heedless or unconscious that we are pursued by a shadow which will go wherever we go. Wrapt up in ourselves, we adore the present, regardless of the fact that, however glittering it may appear to our senses, it is wreathed in mists, that spread disease, and pain, and death on every side of us.

"Floating down the current of time to the tomb
We hallow too much the flowers on its side."

☞An elderly woman, with her daughter, looking at the marble statue of Girard, in the college building, astonished the by standers by exclaiming:

"La, Sally, how white he was."

Progress of the Vote of Pennsylvania

[From the Lancaster Union.]

The following interesting table shows the result of the vote for Governor of Pennsylvania, from the first contest, in 1790, to the present time:

	Votes.
1790—Thomas Mifflin, Democrat,	27,725
Arthur St. Clair, Federalist,	2,802
Whole number of votes,	30,527
Thomas Mifflin's majority,	24,923
1793—Thomas Mifflin, Democrat,	18,500
F. A. Muhlenberg, Federalist,	10,706
Whole number of votes,	20,206
Thomas Mifflin's majority,	7,884
1796—Thomas Mifflin, Democrat,	39,020
F. A. Muhlenberg, Federalist,	1,011
Whole number of votes,	31,031
Thomas Mifflin's majority,	29,009
1799—Thomas McKean, Democrat,	37,244
James Ross, Federalist,	32,643
Whole number of votes,	69,887
Thomas McKean's majority,	4,601
1802—Thomas McKean, Democrat,	47,879
James Ross, Federalist,	17,034
Whole number of votes,	64,913
Thomas McKean's majority,	30,845
1805—Thomas McKean, Democrat,	43,547
Simon Snyder, Democrat,	38,485
Whole number of votes,	82,032
Thomas McKean's majority,	5,062
1808—Simon Snyder, Democrat,	67,975
James Ross, Federalist,	39,573
John Spayd, Independent,	4,006
Whole number of votes,	111,554
Simon Snyder's majority over all,	24,396
1811—Simon Snyder, Democrat,	53,319
Wm. Tilghman, Federalist,	3,609
Whole number of votes,	56,928
Simon Snyder's majority,	49,710
1814—Simon Snyder, Democrat,	51,099
Isaac Wayne, Federalist,	29,566
Whole number of votes,	80,665
Simon Snyder's majority,	21,533
1817—William Findley, Democrat,	66,331
Joseph Hiester, Federalist,	59,272
Whole number of votes,	125,603
William Findley's majority,	7,059
1820—Joseph Heister, Federalist,	67,905
William Findley, Democrat,	66,300
Whole number of votes,	134, 05
Joseph Heister's majority,	1,605
1823—J. A. Shultze, Democrat,	89,928
Andrew Gregg, Federalist,	64,211
Whole number of votes,	154,139
J. A. Shultze's majority,	25,717
1826—J. A. Shultze, Democrat,	64,211
John Sergeant, Federalist,	1,174
Whole number of votes,	65,385
J. A. Shultze's majority,	63,037
1829—George Wolf, Democrat,	78,219
Joseph Ritner, Anti-Mason,	51,776
Whole number of votes,	129,995
George Wolf's majority,	26,443
1832—George Wolf, Democrat,	91,385
Joseph Ritner, Anti-Mason,	88,165
Whole number of votes,	179,500
George Wolf's majority,	3,170
1835—Joseph Ritner, Anti-Mason,	94,023
George Wolf, Democrat,	65,801
H. A. Muhlenberg, Democrat,	40,586
Whole number of votes,	200,410
Joseph Ritner's plurality,	28,222
1838—David R. Porter, Democrat,	127,821
Joseph Ritner, Anti-Mason,	122,325
Whole number of votes,	250,146
David R. Porter's majority,	5,496
1841—David R. Porter, Democrat,	136,504
John Banks, Whig,	113,478
Whole number of votes,	249,982
David R. Porter's majority,	23,026
1844—F. R. Shunk, Democrat,	160,322
Joseph Markle, Whig,	156,050
Whole number of votes,	316,372
F. R. Shunk's majority,	4,272
1847—F. R. Shunk, Democrat,	145,081
James Irwin, Whig,	128,148
E. C. Reigart, Native Amer.,	11,247
F. J. Lamoyne, Abolition,	1,861
Whole number of votes,	286,337
F. R. Shunk's majority over all,	4,825
1848—W. F. Johnson, Whig,	168,522
Morris Longstreth, Dem.,	168,232
Whole number of votes,	336,754
W F. Johnson's majority,	299
1851—William Bigler, Democrat,	186.499
Wm. F. Johnson, Whig,	178,034
Whole number of votes,	364,533
William Bigler's majority,	8,465
1854—Jas. Pollock, Whig & Amer.,	204,008
William Bigler, Democrat,	167,001
Whole number of votes,	371,009
James Pollock's majority,	37,007
1857—Wm. F. Packer, Democrat,	188,887
David Wilmot, Republican,	146,136
Isaac Hazlehurst, American,	28,132
Whole number of votes,	363,155
Wm. F. Packer's majority over all,	14,619
1860—A. G. Curtin, Republican.	262,349
H. D. Foster, Democrat,	230,257
Whole number of votes,	492,606
A. G. Curtin's majority,	32,092

☞What most resembles half a cheese? Ans. The other half.

Talleyrand and Arnold.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre on foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his daily bread by labor.

"Is there any American stopping at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel. "I am about to cross the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in America.

The landlord hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"There is a gentleman up stairs, but whether he came from America or England, is more than I can tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in his life was bishop, prince, and minister—ascended the stairs; a miserable suppliant stood before the stranger's door, knocked, and was admitted.

In a far corner of a dimly lighted room, sat a man of some fifty years, his arms folded, and his head bowed upon his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows, and upon Talleyrand's face, with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in outline, the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced stated that he was a fugitive, and the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind feelings and offices.

He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer and an exile. I am forced to fly to the new world, without friend or shelter. You are an American? Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to your friends? A gentleman like you doubtless has many friends."

The strange gentleman arose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber, his eyes still looking from beneath his darkened brow:

"I am the only man in the New World who can raise his hands to God and say, I have not a friend—not one—in all America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated to the next room; "your name?"

"My name," he replied, with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in the convulsive expression, "my name is Benedict Arnold!"

He was gone. Talleyrand sank into the chair, grasping the words:

"Arnold, the traitor!"

Thus he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the wanderer's mark upon his brow.

YOUNG AMERICA WONDERS.—Wonder why mamma keeps Bridget at home from church to work all day, and says it is wicked for me to build my rabbit-house on Sunday? Wonder why our minister bought that pretty cane with the lion's head on the top, and then asked me for my cent to put in the missionary box? Don't I want a jewsharp as much as he wants a cane? Wonder what makes pa tell such nice stories to visitors about his hiding the master's rattan when he went to school, and about his running away from the school-mistress when she was going to whip him, and then shuts me up all day in a dark room because I tried, just once, to be as smart as he was? Wonder why mamma tells pa he is cross when he comes home at night and says his tea is weak, and ties a handkerchief over my mouth so that I can neither speak nor breathe, because I happen to say she is cross? Wonder what made pa say that wicked word when Bessy upset the ink all over his papers, and then slapped my ears when I said the same thing when my kite string broke? Oh, dear! there are lots of things that I want to know! How I wish I was a man!

GOETHE'S LOVE OF ART AND HATRED OF MARRIAGE.—It was Goethe's theory that, for the glory of German literature and his own, he ought to hold himself free from the restraints and encumbrances of marriage; but that for the same all-sufficient reason he was privileged to win hearts and cast them away, for the sake of the knowledge he might acquire in the process. We confess that, with all our admiration for his genius, we are not much moved to pity by the just retribution that befel this cold-blooded coxcomb, when in middle life he became linked for years to no more congenial a companion than a female sot. If Goethe had married Frederika Brion, the pastor's daughter, of Sesheim, the story of whose abused affections is one of the most painful episodes in his career, he would probably have been no worse a poet, and would certainly have been more worthy of honor as a man. This, however, is by no means the opinion of his German idolators, one of whom declares it to be everything but evident to him "that infidelity to his genious would not have been a greater crime in Goethe than infidelity to his mistress."

☞A 'Confidence man'.—The man who thinks he can help a good looking servant girl to place the slats in the bedstead, without exciting the suspicion of his wife.

AN AFRICAN RACE FREE OF DISEASE.—An African traveler says:

"The Dokos multiply very rapidly, but have no regular marriages, the intercourse of the sexes leading to no settled home, each in perfect independence going whither fancy leads. The mother nurses her child only for a short time, accustoming it as soon as possible to the eating of serpents and ants; and as soon as the child can help itself, the mother lets it depart whither it pleases. Although these people live in thick woods, and conceal themselves among the trees, yet they become the prey of the slave-hunter of Susa, Kaffa, Dumbora, and Kulla; for whole regions of their woods are encircled by the hunters, so that the Dokos cannot easily escape. When the slave-hunters come in sight of the poor creatures they hold up clothes of bright colors, singing and dancing, upon which the Dokos allow themselves to be captured without resistance, knowing from experience that resistance is fruitless, and can only lead to their destruction. In this way thousands can be captured by a small band of hunters; and once captured, they become docile. In slavery, the Dokos retain their predilection for eating mice, serpents, and ants, although often on that account punished by their masters, who, in other respects, are attached to them, as they are obedient and docile, having few wants, and enjoy good health, for which reason they are never sold as slaves beyond Enarea. As diseases are unknown among them, they die only of old age, or through the assaults of their enemies.

RAILWAY ACROSS THE ANDES.—Our American engineers scale the highest range of mountains with the locomotive. Mr. William Wheelwright, an American, who has been engaged for a long time in building railroads in South America, has explored the route, and reports that a railway can be built across the Andes, thus making a line from the Pacific to Rosario via Codova, a distance of 1,100 miles. It is claimed that the advantages which would accrue by opening up the South American States to commerce, the Rio de la Plata being navigable for vessels drawing twelve feet of water, would be immense. The Argentine Republic has offered a free grant of land five miles in breadth on each side of the railway, to aid in its construction, and the project is generally thought practicable. It is stated that Mr. Wheelwright, in constructing railroads in South America, has used gradients of 152 and 250 feet per mile, and carried them to an elevation of 6,000 feet above the level of the sea.

☞In answer to a query from a correspondent, the Chicago *Journal* says that 'Artemus Ward,' whose humorous writings are known in the daily papers, is Mr. Brown, local editor of the Cleveland *Plaindealer*. 'Artemus Ward, the Showman,' is a name assumed by him, though there is really a man by that name, and a regular genius in the show business, who exhibits wax fixtures 'and sech' and makes a great deal of fun down in Indiana. Mr. Brown is a young man of fine abilities as a writer. He was brought up to the business, being a jour printer 'by trade,' and an editor by education. He don't look like a funny man at all, being 'on the contrary, quite the reverse;' but that he is a funny man none will doubt who have read his queer "Artemus Ward" letters.

BLACKS AND MULATTOES.—According to the census of 1850, 2,957,657 of the slaves of the United States were black, or of African descent, and 246,656 were mulattoes. The mulattoes in the United States are about one eighth as numerous as the blacks; the free mulattoes are more than half the number of the free blacks, whilst the slave mulattoes are only about one twelfth of the slave blacks, whilst nearly half of the colored people of the non-slaveholding States are mulattoes. In Ohio and the Territories there are more mulattoes than blacks.

RACE BETWEEN FLORA TEMPLE AND GEO. M. PATCHEN.—A race between the celebrated horses George M. Patchen and Flora Temple, over the White Spring Trotting Park, at Geneva, New York, last Saturday, resulted as follows: The first heat Flora Temple won in 2.32, Patchen leading to the three-quarter pole four lengths in advance, and Patchen throwing a shoe in the first quarter. Patchen won the second heat in 2.28; Flora the third heat in 2.29. Patchen distanced Flora in the fourth heat. Very heavy track.

☞Some women are excessively fond of teasing those whom they love. It is generally the very impassioned in temperament, or the very cold, who do so.—The latter, where love is camparatively languid may do it almost constantly; the former just in the intervals where the pulse of love rather intermits; and in this case it seems only to be a part or form of the general craving for excitement of some kind or other.

FATED.—A few weeks ago, an engineer was killed on the Central Ohio Railroad, just as he was about to be married. The young lady to whom he was engaged afterwards married a Mr. James Frease, and he, a short time since, was so seriously injured in an accident which occurred at almost the same spot; and now, to crown all, the lady herself has been thrown from a carriage, and instantly killed.

☞"My dear," said a husband after a matrimonial flare up, 'you will never be permitted to enter heaven." "Why not?" 'Because you will be wanted below as a tormentor."

☞'My yoke is easy and my burden is light," as the young fellow said when his girl was sitting in his lap with her arms around his neck.